

Wife's Eulogy for Her Husband

My husband was such a wonderful man. I'm not sure I can really express just how much I will miss him.

Not only was he a wonderful husband, but a wonderful father, grandfather, best friend, colleague ... and so much more.

Paul's ability to make everyone feel comfortable, secure and loved were his greatest strengths.

It has been nearly 40 years since we were first married, and I look back over those years with so much happiness.

I remember the first time I saw him—I looked over the room at the dance hall on a Saturday night and saw this handsome young man.

I was too shy initially to even hold his eye contact, but I did look out for him every Saturday night. Eventually he introduced himself to me; we danced, we laughed, and we fell in love.

Paul was always such a gentleman—well-mannered and polite, but always quick with a witty remark.

His joviality and good nature attracted people the moment he walked in the room, and no one could forget his raucous and contagious laugh.

Born and bred in Brisbane, Paul always had a passion for the ocean.

In our early life together, we would jump in the caravan and spend weekends on the coast together.

I remember the first fish he caught. Paul had been out all day after promising that he would bring home dinner that night.

It was getting late and I started to worry, but the look on his face when he marched back and presented the catch of the day was priceless.

His face was glowing, and he was grinning from ear to ear, despite the fact that it was dark and he was shivering with cold.

When we had each of our children—Jesse, Markus and James—he was delighted.

Paul was a wonderful father to them, and I would watch him take them to Sunday school and show them off to all the other parents.

As they became teenagers, I saw how they always went to him for advice—even if they did run off and do the opposite, as teenagers do.

He was always there to pick up the pieces and sort things out. They respected and loved him deeply.

Paul was a hardworking and giving man. Not only was he committed to his job—working long hours that would drive me insane—he was also committed to giving back to the community.

When Paul wasn't at work—or being taxi driver for the kids—he would be attending Lions Club or Rotary meetings or fundraising activities.

He always encouraged us be involved in life—he bought out the best in us all. He would always say, 'You can't rest on your laurels, Margaret. You must keep forging ahead and make the best of everything'.

He was my soul mate and my inspiration—my steadfast rock that helped me through thick and thin.

Paul supported and loved us all and was always there to help navigate through life's challenges.

Paul may be in heaven now, but I know he is looking down at us with a big smile on his face saying, "Forge ahead—make the best of life—and I'll see you soon. We have work to do up here, too."

Goodbye, my dear, sweet husband, and God bless.